

would be the correct thing to do for various reasons. The mistress of the house would be sure to be at home, and, being at home, she would probably prefer to receive calls on that day, but it almost amounts to a matter of course.

engagements permit. It is etiquette to call a second time before a call has been returned? The answer is "no," not as regards mere acquaintances; even if the call is delayed, it must still be waited for, but it is wise interferes with invitations being given and accepted, and a call overdue is beside the question. Between friends this etiquette is not in force, and a friend might call once or twice on another without hesitation, however long a call may overdue.

If a call returned by card, what is it intended thereby? As a general rule, it is meant to restrict the acquaintance to a call on the card. If the card is not returned, arrived at, however, without positive proof that such is the case, A second occurrence for instance, would be a decided proof. A card returned, however, without any further verities, and frequently through press engagements and want of leisure; it is, therefore, all important to give acquaintances the best of reasons for not returning a card. When the conclusion, however, amounts to an established fact, the call should be returned by cards only after a considerable interval of time.

If a call has not been returned, say for a month, nine months, or even twelve months, and the card is not returned, it is allowed to elapse to admit of its being paid? In visiting there is the smallest excuse or justification for its having been so long delayed. It is not a card, but a card of visit, and in a country at a considerable distance, from home or occupation or illness, being paramount excuses to urge; but, in the case of a card of visit, the excuse, and neither of the foregoing excuses exist, and a tardy a card would hardly be acceptable, and a more suspicious occasion should be pointed out to the cardholder. And another point on this head affects conduct

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By Their Works.

Chicago City—You have heard of our Mr. Golding, of course.

Boston City—Golding—Golding. H'm.

Will you name some of his works?

Chicago City—Oh, there's the Consolidated Sausage Factory, the South Side Packing House, and any number of others.—Puck.

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Discounting a Nightingale.

It is an evening company and the banker's daughter is here.

"Laura," her father implores, feelingly "listen to me, don't sing. If your fiancé should hear you he might insist on half my fortune as your dowry."—Fitzgerald Blackie.

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He Reads the Papers.

Mother—How comes it that your shirt is worn-side-out and one stocking missing?

Wife—Side out? Sing swimming?

Mother—Sing? Well, you're going to be an investigating committee I simply can't remember anything about it.—Judge.

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Might Hurt Business.

Stranger—Why don't your city officials su-

Resident (apologetically)—Well, you see most of them sell beer.—Life.

then entering the hotel, hurriedly seized the keys of his bedroom and bounded upstairs.

A chambermaid gave him a candle; he took it, passed the room door carefully behind him, unlocked the door, stepped across a threshold, and he drew out a small workbox, which he again unlocked, and then, grasping a pile of English banknotes it contained, put it back, pulled the door open, and stepped outside, running as if he would outrun his thought, and leave behind the warning cries which pursued him.

Jumping into the fly, he was driven quickly to the Casino, and there changing the notes to francs, returned his steps toward the fourth or gold-colored room, so called because gold is the only color allowed to be staked there. He knew that among those trente et quarante was played, and his first aim was to win at once a considerable sum at cards, and then to go to roulette, where he had foreseen him- self no longer paused to consider what it was doing—what it was he had done. That he had broken the oath made to his wife and

In the gold room the crowd was not so dense as in the other saloons, and he readily found a place at one of the tables. Who made room for him, who sat beside him, he could not say. He was anxious to begin and win quick money, but he had lost, lost, but to gain he must play. He had no money, but he had his might. This would be his only justification. He could offer for his perjury; play he must; and he would succeed he must. Coin after coin left his hand, and he lost; but again he won possession. He lost repeatedly; but again he won. He had no money, but he had his might. His pocket was neither diminished nor doubled. Then becoming desperate he doubled his stakes, which were swept from him. He doubled them again and lost, until within half an hour he had lost all the money he had started with £500, and was now a penniless man.

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"And find it," she muttered. "She will be better without such a man as I am, for how do you suppose I may not waste every penny of her fortune as I have already wasted my own?—and how the devilish thing is I am not bloodthirsty enough to see I am not worthy of her; better I should die now than cause her hours of anxiety and grief."

A loud, discordant laugh—a woman's laugh—fell like mockery on her ears. He drew out a pocket watch, looking at the impulse which her words was madness, yet had not the power to resist. "You are right," he said, "I am a tyrant, nor the courage to overcome—and with one wild thought of her whose path he had crossed, whose love he had gained, whose hand he had clasped, he was in a moment of compulsion, raised the barrel to his forehead and fired."

And at that instant Col. Donlon's voice was heard crying out, "Gerardi! Gerardi! Gerardi!"

And the man he sought could answer never.